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## The Story of Randa Bayama

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# The Story of Randa Bayama

Christos Soccopoulos

## **Abstract**

With his golden flute pressed between his lips His fingers ready to start dancing on the holes  
Walked Randa Bayama the snake charmer Under the tall trees in search of the queen cobra...

# The Story of Randa Bayama

*by Christos Soccopoulos*

*Architecture, Sr.*

With his golden flute pressed between his lips  
His fingers ready to start dancing on the holes  
Walked Randa Bayama the snake charmer  
Under the tall trees in search of the queen cobra.

The sun played games on his bare chest,  
The proud chest where the winds of music were jailed;  
The sun rolled blue streams on the waves of his hair  
And lit the coals of his eyes each time it pierced his eyelashes  
And the eyes of Randa Bayama played on the dead leaves;  
They crawled in the thicket, they climbed trees  
In search of the forked tongue or the winding tail of the  
queen cobra.

The leaves snored in their sleep  
And high leaped the heart of Randa Bayama  
His cheeks rounded out and the fingers began hopping on  
the flute  
Out came the viper dancing on the waves of the music  
Before Randa Bayama it crept in a trance  
It curled its tail and lifted its slender body up.  
. . . And the flute of Randa Bayama quit in disappointment.  
For this was only a common snake—not the queen cobra he  
was searching for.

Randa Bayama the snake charmer went on  
Leaving the snake rocking back and forth  
Cutting sunrays short.

The sun was now caressing his broad back  
And the heart of Randa Bayama had already leaped many  
times  
And his flute had sown its golden notes many times  
And it had dropped from his lips disappointed as many times  
For none of his charm's victims was the queen cobra he was  
searching for.

And now Randa Bayama came upon a pond  
And on the shores under the ferns  
—His eyes were not lying now!—  
Lay sleeping the great queen cobra crowned with lilies.

The lips of Randa Bayama trembled words of ecstasy  
As he stood gazing at the triangular head  
With the royal signs carved on it.  
But soon stirred hot the charmer's blood in his veins  
From the golden flute sprang melodies designed for royal  
ears only.

The eyes of the queen cobra went from sleep to trance  
Smoothly she floated on the path of music  
Obediently she stood on the spring of her tail  
Before the man with the flute rocking from west to east.  
Her staring eyes caught his  
And pierced past them into his soul  
And Randa Bayama stared back  
(Two pairs of black widows caught in each other's webs)  
And in her eyes he saw the image of his soul reflected  
And he was frightened. The fingers froze on the flute.  
In an instant awoke the queen cobra.  
She hissed and darted forth  
From two small red holes over the left nipple  
Escaped the life of Randa Bayama the snake charmer.

The days melted under the sun  
The rains washed the bones of Randa Bayama clean of their  
flesh.  
In the cavity of the queen cobra's tooth  
Lives captured the soul of Randa Bayama the snake charmer.

